Marion Titus

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The Upshot of a Quarrel.

A dish of milk was on the floor,
Puss wanted some, and so did Dash;
'Twas big enough for many more
To lap out of without a splash;
But she was rude and he was ruder,
Neither would let the other taste it;
Each thought the other an intruder,
And did the most to spoil and waste it.

If Dash one moment ventured nigh,
Puss would that moment spit and fly;
If puss the dish next moment sought,
Dash the next minute raged and fought.
At length, with sorrow be it spoken,
Between them both the dish was broken.

Brothers and sisters, all take warning,
The lesson must not meet your scorning;
Never let selfish trifles lead
To loud dispute and spiteful deed;
Yield to each other, and be sure
Your happiness is more secure.—*Sel*

The Whirlpool.

Beware of the whirlpool, brother,
The whirlpool strong and deep,
Steer thy bark with a steady hand,
And far from its dangers keep.

For a wicked siren singeth low
To lure you to the spot;
Ah! lend no ear to her wooing voice;
Beware, and heed her not.

She beckons you over the fatal waves
To ruin and shame; for the breath
Of this beautiful siren is Alcohol,
And the raging whirlpool, Death.

—*Kate McDonald.*

In which are you walking, young friends?
Which way are you choosing to take?
Oh, pause now, and think what depends,
Upon the decision you make.

The Old, Old Story.

IT was a dismal November evening, and the rain and the darkness were beginning to fall together, as I reached the A—— street crossing, intending to board the evening accommodation, which, as I knew, was usually slowed at this point to let off an official living in the neighborhood. As the train was not due for nearly half an hour, I took refuge in the shelter-hut of the old flagman with whom I had long been on excellent terms. He was a jolly, gossipy little man, who had become superannuated in the service of the company, and was enjoying in his old age what was to him a position of ease and honor. He had just finished his supper, brought to him as usual, by his granddaughter. As he lifted the tin pail to make room for me on the scanty bench, he carefully put back into it some choice pieces of meat, bread, and cake, sufficient by themselves for a quite substantial meal. "That's for the General," said he, in answer to my look of curiosity. "My old woman would no more forget his supper than she would forget mine."

"Who is the General?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, he's what you call a man with a history."

"Tell it to me. I am fond of history."

"I've no objection—but wait a bit, I guess he's coming now—yes, sir, that's him. Just keep quiet, and don't notice his crankiness, and you'll see a character."

A shuffling step, and a hoarse, tearing cough announced the approach of the General, who soon presented himself at the door of the hut, where he paused and struck an attitude in the half-light of the flagman's lantern. General, in-

deed! A once tall and muscular man, now a miserable slouch, with stooping shoulders, hollow chest, bending, tremulous knees, the dress of a vagabond, and the face of a sot! Yet there was something in his bearing, in the lines of the mouth, in the glance of the blood-shot eye, that seemed the shadow of departed power; and his salutation to the flagman was given and received as that of a superior to a dependent. Upon me he glowered fiercely, exclaiming, "No loafers allowed around these premises."

The flagman explained that I was waiting for the train.

"Why don't he go to the depot? This is not a station."

I was about to reply when the flagman drew forth the tin pail, saying, "General they have sent us up our lunch from the hotel; will you have it now?" Steadying himself against the door, with a hand that shook as with the palsy, the wretched tramp took the old man's bounty as if it were his by right, grumbled at its scantiness and quality, said he must be off to the office, and without thanks or farewell shuffled away. We heard his cough, mingled with an occasional oath, as he disappeared in the darkness.

"There!" said the old flagman, turning to me, "what do you call that?"

"The wreck of a great man, but exceedingly disagreeable in its present state. You have, I see, some less unpleasant associations with it."

"I should think so. Why, sir, fifteen years ago that man was superintendent of this road! And the best one, by all odds, that they ever had. He was engine, steam, and engineer, all in one. Things went just like clock-work. He knew every man, and wheel on the road. You couldn't blow a whistle or swing a lantern anywhere on the line without his leave. We called him the General; and we might as well have said King, for he was every inch of it. He had a good salary, owned some stock in the road, had a nice home, and moved in the best society. His son had a first-rate position in the general office. His daughter was engaged to a young millionaire—a nephew and ward of one of the directors.

"But the General had one bad enemy—liquor. I've heard that he learned to drink at the wine suppers that the railroad magnates used to give when they met to lay their plans, and all that. At any rate he learned pretty fast, and practiced what he learned. Now and then he gave a wine supper himself; and many a young man under him—his own son among the rest—took his first glass at the General's table.

"By and by the habit began to show itself in his face; next in his step; then in his temper, and at last in the road. Screws came loose; things ran down; stock declined. Then the magnates complained; and when they saw that complaints did no good, they turned him out. The young millionaire turned up his nose, and asked to be released from his marriage engagement. The girl approved his decision, dismissed him kindly; and before morning was a raving maniac.

"All these troubles, instead of sobering the General, made him worse. For four months he scarcely knew a sober moment; he spent the savings of his life; his house and goods were sold under the hammer, and he and his heart-broken wife moved into a little tenement in the alley yonder.

"At last the Good Templars got hold of him, and he signed the pledge. You never saw such a change in a man. He was like one alive from the dead. The railroad folks had so much faith in him that they made him train-dispatcher. It was a step down; but he took it willingly, and did his work well. When the new depot was opened, the beer was furnished without stint. To everybody's horror, the General took a glass. What happened after that no one knew; but that night he ran two trains together at the Mil. wood switch, killing one man and wounding four. In half an hour after the accident the dispatcher was discharged. In three hours he was drunk in the street, arrested and sent to the lock-up.

"Some of the boys went over and paid his fine. Then he swore by all that is holy that he never would drink again. After a probation of six months, and when his reformation seemed to be genuine and permanent, he was offered a conductor's position. It was another step down; but he took it gladly, and did his very best, which was well as the best could do. One day the director's car was attached to his train. He went through as they were at dinner. The smell of the wine awakened the old demon in him, and at the next station he got a glass of liquor. He made a fool of himself, insulted the passengers, was complained of, and discharged.

"Once more after that the company gave him a chance to earn his bread. He was appointed to a petty clerkship in the general office. His son had long ago lost his place there on account

of intemperate habits. The father soon lost his in the same way. Some sudden temptation overtook him, and away he went again.

"It was pitiful to hear him beg for another trial. He would do anything, and at any price. He would be a flagman at a crossing. But there were no vacancies; and if there were, he could not be trusted. He would be watchman at the depot; but they dared not depend on him. I believe he would have joined the mob brigade if they would have let him; but it was out of the question.

"From that time he gave up trying to be respectable, and sank lower and lower. You see what he is now—a common tramp and beggar. His wife is in the work-house; his son is in the penitentiary; he himself will soon be in his grave. But so long as I have a crust of bread I will not let him starve.

"Your train is coming. When it stops you will see a man get off. It is the present Superintendent. He began as an office boy under the General; but he never surrendered to the General's enemy. While the General was coming down, his clerk was going up, up, up. He took one place after another, each one higher than the last, till now they have made him Superintendent. He's a teetotaler himself, and he won't have a drinking man on the road if he knows it. Here he is on the platform. He hasn't half of the General's ability; but, bless you, what's ability worth when it's preserved in alchohol?" —*Temperance Record.*

We clip from a paper an example of a little girl who lost her life by honestly believing a lie her father told.

"A citizen of Oceania, Md., had a vicious kicking horse, which he was anxious to sell. While trying to make a bargain with a purchaser, he remarked: 'That horse is so gentle that my little girl could go up behind him and twist his tail, and he would not raise a hoof.' The little girl overheard this lie, took it for the truth, and one day on being left alone with the horse tried the experiment, and was killed by a kick."

A clock made of hardened bread is on exhibition in Milan. It is the work of a Peruvian, who, being too poor to buy any material for the work, saved his bread, eating the crust and using the soft part, which he hardened in a mineral solution for his clock.

An Incident.

A young man went into the office of the largest dry-goods importing house in New York and asked for a situation. He was told to come again.

Going down Broadway that same afternoon, opposite the Astor House, an old apple woman, trying to cross the street, was struck by a stage, knocked down, and her basket of apples sent scattering into the gutter.

This young man stepped out from the passing crowd, helped up the old lady, put her apples into her basket, and went on his way, forgetting the incident.

When he called again upon the importers he was asked to name his price, which was accepted immediately, and he went to work.

Nearly a year afterward he was called aside one day and asked if he remembered assisting an old apple woman in Broadway to pick up a basket of apples, and much to his surprise learned why he had obtained a situation when more than one hundred others were desiring the same situation.

Young man, you liltle know who sees your acts of kindness. The eyes of others see and admire what they will not take the trouble to do themselves. —*Sel.*

The Two Loves.

A certain young lady was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him, "Willie, do you love me?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, with a clinging kiss. "How much?" "Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky." Just then his eyes fell on his mother. Flinging his arms around her and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed, "But, mamma, I love you way up to God." Could the distinction between the two loves be more exquisitely drawn?—*Sel.*

Natural Features.

The "brow" of a hill, the "bosom" of a lake, the "heart" of a wood, an "arm" of the sea, the "neck" of an isthmus, the daisy's "eye" the "mouth" of a defile, the "throat" of a gorge, the "foot" of a precipice, the "back" of the north wind.

For the Myrtle.

Simple Joys.

No end to inventions
With children at play,
They can out-do the older folks
Many a day.

Can make themselves happy
With trifling things
And catch all the sunshine
Each passing hour brings.

Here's Millie and Freddie
And young Roger Howe
Have broken a branch from
A tree, for a plough.

And though 'tis so simple
A trick as we see
Yet they are as happy
As happy can be.

E. M. B.

The Dancing Pea.

Push a pin half-way through a green pea, making the two ends as nearly as possible the same weight; that is, let the point come a little more than half-way through. Then break off the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be complete.

To make the pea dance, put it on the top of the pipe-stem, the point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your head back, so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise; keep blowing harder, until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin round and round, and turn over and over, all the while bobbing up and down, as long as the current of air is kept up.

The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe, and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge; or, if the blast is a little stronger, it will spin rapidly, unless the blower stops to laugh, when it is apt to fall into the open mouth below. — *Harper's Young People.*

Be Honest.

Sit down and think about it, boys. Do you really want to be honest men? Men who can be trusted anywhere? And with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now. Never allow yourself to take or retain a single penny that is not rightfully your own. Take nothing without permission, or without giving something in return. Pick no berries that are not on your own side of the fence. Go into no orchard where you do not belong. Plunder no melon patches nor gardens, nor cheat your little playmates in any trade.

We can do more by being good than in any other way.

For the Myrtle.

The Faithful Messenger.

SUSAN BENTON went a half mile from her mother's house to live, when she was married, and it was very hard for her to be thus separated from her friends.

She had her lessons to learn before she could become a good housekeeper, and these lessons it was not always easy for her to learn alone.

It was not always convenient for her to go the long half mile, when she wished to ask her mother a question, and therefore some way must be devised by which she could ask her questions without going.

She had a dog named "Tip" and she took him into her counsel. The result of this counsel was that Tip agreed to do the errands, and it was delightful to see how well he kept his agreement.

When Mrs. Benton wishes to ask any question of her mother she writes it down in a little blank book, which she keeps for the purpose, and Tip takes it carefully in his mouth, and away he runs to the house where the question is to be answered, and laying down the book on the door-step, he barks until some one comes to admit him.

When the book has been examined, and answers written to the questions, Tip is given some nice little tit-bit to eat as a reward for his faithful service, and after eating, he immediately siezes the book, and runs away home as fast as his feet will carry him.

Who would not like to have such a faithful messenger, and be always sure that they could send tidings without a failure, to those with whom they wish to communicate?

A really good dog is a treasure. E. M. B.

The Boy and the Highwayman.

Many years ago, in a village in Lancashire, there lived a young lad of the name of John Willett, a sturdy, plucky little chap, whose strong arms and feet found plenty of occupation in his daily work at the farm.

One day, a fair being on, at the market town of Warrington, he was dispatched thither by his father to sell one of the cows. So off started the boy, driving the animal before him, for six miles, till the town was reached. Here he soon found a customer, and obtained a very liberal price for his cow. The bargain being struck, John pocketed the money, and lounged about the fair, stopping before the various booths, and gazing with admiration at the articles displayed.

But long before it was dark John Willett got tired of all these novelties, and began to think of of his six-mile walk home. So, shouldering his way back through the crowd, he struck out on the high-road, and was soon going at a good swinging pace, whistling merrily at thought of the luck he had met with.

In all probability his sale of the cow and his pocketing of the proceeds had been watched by a man who had determined to get the money if he could. For, just as he had reached a lonely spot on the road, where the way led through a deep vale, beneath the shade of overhanging willows, a man on horseback came up from behind, passed on a few yards, and then suddenly wheeled about, and demanded young Willett's money or his life.

"No fooling, lad! I saw you take the gold pieces and the silver. Hand it over, or you are a dead boy!"

The lad looked at man and horse—the one an evil, blear-eyed fellow, the other sleek and handsome—and then started back upon the run: for the robber was between him and his home. Of course, the highwayman spurred on in pursuit; and when the boy knew that the pursuer was upon him he leaped upon one side, then took the silver pieces from his pocket and cast them away upon the ground at the road-side, and started as though he would run again.

With an oath the man leaped from his horse, and hastened to where he saw several of the shillings and half-crowns among the grass, probably thinking he could secure those, and then overtake the boy at his leisure.

But the boy had a plan of his own. On the instant when the man leaped from the saddle, he stooped and picked up a large stone; the robber stooped over to pick up the silver from the grass; young Willett made a bound and hurled the stone at the man, striking him on the back of the head, and knocking him down. After that, to leap into the robber's saddle and start for home was the work of but a moment. The boy without further adventure reached home, where his story caused no little astonishment.

In the saddle-bags were found over ten pounds in silver, eight sovereigns, two gold watches, and a beautiful gold-mounted pistol. The horse and the watches were advertised, and ere long a gentleman from Bolton appeared, and proved that the horse and one of the watches were his. He had offered ten pounds reward for his horse; and this sum he gladly paid, and when he had heard the boy's story, he made him a present of the watch, which was one of Dent's finest chronometers. For the other watch no owner appeared, and that the father took.

A year later our hero was very sure he recognized his acquaintance of the highway in a convict who was on his way, with many others, to the penal colony of Botany Bay.

As for John Willett, he rose to be high sheriff of his county, and one of the most popular officers in the kingdom.—*Sel.*

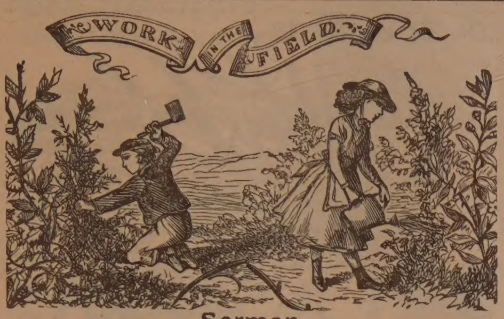
Idleness.

Here is something for the boys to think about. A visitor at a State-prison lately, in looking over the list of convicts' names, noticed that against nine tenths of them was written the words "No trade." Dr. Isaac Watts knew what a safeguard work is when he wrote:

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"A CORRUPT heart is like an ant's nest, on which, while the stone lieth, none of them appear; but take off the stone, and stir them up but with the point of a straw, you will see what a swarm is there, and how lively they are."

COWARDICE asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? but Conscience asks, Is it right?



Sermon.

Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.—*Job.* xiii. 15.

"Our sermon was very helpful to me to-day," said Lucy.

"In what way did it help you?" Andrew asked.

"I think it will help me in every way; in all the large duties I may be called on to do, and also in all the small ones."

"What then was the subject of this very helpful sermon?"

"The subject was endurance."

"Do you think that we children need that very much? Our lives are so sheltered that we do not seem to be called on often to endure. Our food and our clothing and our shelter are all provided for us. We do not have to look out for the morrow, in any way, so that it seems to me me that we know very little about hardship."

Yes what you say is true in one sense. We have not those bread-and-shelter-winning-conflicts which engage our fathers, or perplex our mothers, and yet in our child-way we do each of us have a good deal to endure. I think Jimmy found there was a good deal of enduring to be done, when he was called on to resist the anger which filled his heart when John Murphy attacked him for not assisting him to do wrong the other day."

"Oh! do you call that enduring, when one keeps their temper instead of getting angry?

"Of course I do."

"For my part I think it is a good thing to get angry sometimes, and let bad boys know what kind of stuff one is made of."

"I have no objection, and I think, from what our minister said, that he has none to a certain righteous indignation. We are told in the Bible to be angry but remember there are added these words 'and sin not.' We are to remember, and always repeat these latter words with the former. It is not said alone 'Be ye angry" but 'Be ye angry and sin not.'

Now our minister showed to us that the whole of our lives should be one endeavor to conquer the evil in ourselves, and bring the good to the surface. He said that highest honor should be given to those who strive hardest for this perfect mastery over themselves."

"I don't think" said Mary that we can be equally good. Now there is Helen Morse who sits by me in school. I have never seen her angry since she has been there. No matter what may happen to provoke us, Helen is always as calm as a May morning. If I were to try, ever so hard, I could not be as good as Helen is."

"Are you sure that you couldn't keep a calm appearance, Mary, under difficulties, though you might not be as calm at heart as Helen is?"

"Oh, I'm sure I could not."

"You mean, I think, that so far you have not learned to do this. But you must remember that the whole victory of Good over Evil is not won in a day. We are learning to forsake evil and cling to the good, and without being discouraged we should keep persevering on our lessons and gain a little on it every day.

"Our minister gave us a fine illustration to help us to remember the great possibility that is in the human soul for endurance. He said that we should be like the pure silver which can be drawn into wire. Three ounces of the metal can be drawn into wire one hundred miles long. Now, said he, supposing the silver should knot, and kink, and break in this process, where would your fine wire be? It is because the metal endures the strain that is brought upon it, that makes it worth the working.

"Again, another part of the lesson from the silver was that a silver rod, an inch thick, and covered with gold leaf, may be drawn to the fineness of a hair, and yet retain a perfect covering of gold. This, he said, should teach us the self control in external demeanor of which he had before spoken. We should always keep the finest metal uppermost, no matter how strong the strain may be upon the metal underneath."

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

At Orange the Sunday School prospers with 254 members, an average attendance of 191 1-2. This in a town of 4,000 inhabitants, with a Second Universalist and five Limitarian churches.

VERMONT.

The Sunday School at Woodstock has been in a very prosperous condition for the past year.

Jacksonville reports a well-organized Sunday School which prospers with the continued prosperity of the church.

OHIO.

At Akron the Sunday School has re-organized. The past year's enrollment was over 150. With the present efficient organization, and the increased interest of the pupils, the hope is strong that the enrollment will be 200 during the coming year

INDIANA.

We learn from a letter lately received from Dayton that our Sunday School is prospering finely. Since the new year our membership has increased twenty per cent.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The School connected with the Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia, prides itself on being a mission school. Its Sunday collections are devoted entirely to missionary purposes; it sustains a Free Bed in one of the Children's Hospitals in the city, and provides, during the Summer, country and seaside vacations for its least fortunate members; and its Missionary Boxes' returns put into our General and State Conventions' cash-boxes about $250 per annum. Seventy per cent. of its Sunday attendance is represented at the church service, and from its ranks a very fair proportion of the recruits are drawn for church membership.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

256.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 17, 18, 19, 20 is what fastens a house.
My 7, 6, 22, 4 is what we could not live without.
My 9, 2, 28, 24 is one of the elements.
My 3, 8, 12 is an animal.
My 23, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is to collect.
My 1, 27, 11, 5, 25 is a brute.
My 19, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a timepiece.
My 21, 13, 10, 27 is a Quaker word.
My 23, 26, 18, 5, 25 is a spirit.
My 19, 22, 27 is an enemy.
My whole is a proverb. *Ethel W. T.*

257.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel; The past of eat; A girl's name; A fish; A consonant. *M. T.*

258.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 5, 8, 11 is used with arrows.
My 16, 7, 4 is an animal.
My 15, 17, 12, 13, 14 is what we do nights.
My 6, 19, 2 is the past tense of run.
My 10, 18, 1, 9 is what we have in dresses.
My 10, 3, 11 is to fasten with a needle.
My 17, 18, 15, 10 is the opposite of more.
My whole is a proverb. *Alice A. F.*

259.—ANAGRAM.

Ebrmerme hte haSbtab ayd ot peke ti yloh.
Willie E. Bacon.

260.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 9, 16, 22, 21, 13 is used in building.
My 15, 6, 19 is everywhere,
My 10, 11, 7 is a measure of coal.
My 6, 25 is a verb.
My 4, 3, 26, 10 is not found.
My 17, 24, 23, 18 is the dearest spot on earth.
My 14, 11, 6, 12, 8 is not coming.
My 20, 7, 22, 2, 18 is what some people do when they sleep.
My 1, 5, 4 comprises the whole.
My whole is a proverb. *Mary R.*

261.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

B—w—a—y—u—e—m—o—e. *M. T.*

CONUNDRUMS.

What proves sailors to be very careless? They are in a mess every day at sea.

How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach? One, after which his stomach was not empty.

251.—ENIGMA.

Judge not that ye be not judged.

252.—ANAGRAM.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

253.—ENIGMA.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

254.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
D U N
S U R E R
N E T
R

255.—ENIGMA.

Do right and fear not.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Flora B. Tenny, 5; Harry Bigelow, 3; Gertrude Bigelow, 3; Dannie Collins, 1; Jessie B. Pierce, 5; Cora Polk, 4; Harry B. Billings, 2; Irving P. Sherman, 5; Susie E. Stites, 4; Angie Andrews, 5; Rose Erdman, 5; Harry Erdman, 5; Sarah E. Cross, 5; Harry B. Mccaslin, 3; Jessie Marvin, 4.

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